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QUACKS

O R,

Love's the Physician

As it was Acted (after being twice
forbid at the *Theatre Royal*
Drury-Lane.

By Mr. Swinny. Owen Mac

Quod libet, licet.

LONDON,

Printed for Benj. Bragg, at the Blue Ball in Drury-Lane. 1705

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Printed for Jas. Dods, at the Swan Hall in St. James's-Place.

PREFACE

I shall make no Apology for the following Papers, being fully Satisfy'd, that Poetry is in the Blood; 'tis the boast of the Young, and the secret Sin of the Grave, a sort of Inconstancy in the Mind, and the Chast owe much to an ill Constitution,

The hints of this Play were taken from a petit Piece of Moliere call'd L'Amour Medicin, I can't stile it a Translation, the Doctors part being intirely new, much of the other Characters alter'd, and the Contrivance somewhat Chang'd.

The Town were a little Surpriz'd, to find an Entertainment forbid upon the Day it was to be Represented; it seems, the better to Divert 'em, this Play was to be stifled, because the other House were to Act one upon the same Subject! It prov'd a very unlucky Reason, and I have heard of but one Wise Man of that Opinion; however the harm that was intended, rather turn'd to my Account, and I shall say of this Person, as Cornelle did upon occasion of Cardinal Richelieu, who had Publish'd a Crittick on his Play call'd the Cid, (viz,) that he had done him too much Good, to speak any Ill of him, and too much Ill, to say any Good.

As

P R E F A C E.

As for the Gentlemen of the other House, who are to reform the Stage, purify our Diversions and Naturalize all the Wit of Moliere (for beginners shou'd have a Fond) I shall only say of 'em That they are the properest Persons in the World to reform the Stage, having known so well what it is to corrupt it; as those Physicians they say are the best, who have felt the Diseases they are to Cure.

I hope no worthy Man will believe that my design in this Trifle, was to Expose the Character of a Physician, but the abuse of it; to set Ignorance and Villany in a proper Light, and shew Men how easy they are Deceiv'd when they are taken by their Passions.

The Noise of these Scenes Alarm'd the Licenter, who generally destroys with as much Distinction as the old Woman in Don Quixots Library, and wou'd have sav'd no more of 'em, if it were not, that he is pay'd for Tolerating some; however they are here intire, and if I believ'd any Body was unacquainted with his good Judgment, I shou'd mark out the Retrenchments he made, and shew, that the edge of his Justice was turn'd upon the Innocent, and that he rather Dis-figures than Cures.

Prologue

Prologue

OF what importance is our Master's breath,
Twice has the Bantling been expos'd to Death!
'Twas born with Teeth, but those in fearful doubt
Wisely the first Inquisitor struck out.
Let every Quack be Comforted to Night,
Care has been taken that he shall not Bite;
Maim'd as he is, he Trembles to Engage,
The slow Productions of yon Rival Stage.
On deep Designs the coupl'd Bards have hit,
And wisely wou'd Engross, all Foreign Wit.
And think the surest way to gain the Town
wou'd be to shew, but little of their own.
Like Kings of Brentford they'd our Realms surprise,
Supported by great Armies in Disguise:
But fear we can't from their united Trouble,
When jaded Pegasus must carry Double!
Safe in your Favour, we their Threats dispise,
Our Watchful Parties cut off their Supplies.
As this Nights treat (which to their Care we owe)
Was French Provision going to the Foe!
In Arts of War we've still Superiour been,
And starv'd the Garrison of Lincolns-Inn.
The new-made Fort, from the thin Remnant gleans,
Their Tatter'd Monarchs, and their Aged Queens!
With Force and Fraud they threaten from afar,
And big with Promis'd Aid, renew the War.
But if the Neutral Princes here to Night,
Impartial Judge, and do to Merit Right.
Our strag to them, may the same Fate afford,
As France at Blenheim felt from Marlborough's Sword.

Prologue

Dramatis Personæ

MEN.

SIR Patient Careful
Clitander.

Mr. Norrish.

Mr. Mills.

Doctor Medley.

Mr. Ballock.

Candle.

Mr. Cross.

Tickle Pulse.

Physicians.

Mr. Pinkeman.

Novice.

Mr. Bickerstaff.

Refugee.

Mr. Cibber.

Rhubarb, An Apothecary.

Mr. Fairbank.

Freckle, a Stationer.

Mr. Keen.

Harry, Servant to Clitander.

MR. ESTOURT.

WOMEN.

Lysette

Mrs. Moor.

Lucinda.

Mrs. Temple.

Doris.

Mrs. Powell.

Nurse.

Cecily.

ACT.

ACT I.

SCENE Sir Patient Carefull's House.

Enter Sir Patient Carefull, Lysette and Doris.

Sr. Pat. **W**Hat a strange thing is Life? And we may say with that great Philosopher of Antiquity, that to Live is to War, and one Evil never comes without another, I had but One Wife, who is Dead.

Lys. Why how many wou'd you have?

Sr. Pat. She is dead Cousin! And I can't think of her without weeping—ho— I had indeed some Jealousie of her Conduct, and we quarrell'd perpetually, if she was Alive again, we shou'd quarrel, but Death has ended all disputes and the House is grown so silent, I shall die with Melancholly.

Dor. Comfort your self, she's in a better place.

Sr. Pat. I know it, and wherever she is, she will have her way—of all the Children the poor Woman Bore me, I have but one Daughter left, and she is the only trouble of my Life! I don't know who she takes after! She do's not speak a word whole days together! It must be a strange Disease, that works such effects on a Womans Constitution.

Lys. That strange Disease is Confinement! Uncle, if you'd let her have the use of her Leggs a little, she'd find the use of her Tongue.

Sr. Pat. How now Mrs. Flippant! You don't want the use of yours I perceive.

Lys. Ha, ha, No, no! I was bred under a Mother, I thank my Stars! But a Woman must needs come to her speaking very soon that hangs by a Bookish old Man, as a Bird must certainly Sing well that hangs under a Cuckoo:

Sr. Pat. How?

Lys. Hark'e Uncle; let her but loose to the Park, the Play, the Drawing Room, or my Lady Tattles Visiting night, and my Tongue for hers she speaks in a week.

Sr. Pat. Your Tongue for hers! A change indeed! From one that never speaks, to one that never lyes still—hark'e Cousin, do you think she might not come to her speech if she hung under you?

Lys. Ha! ha! ha! If I teach her Uncle, I'll proceed like my singing Master, and make her open her Mouth very wide; for a Stick you know, that grows bent, must be turn'd as much t'other way, to make it strait—

Sr. Pat. I don't doubt your method, 'tis admirable, you have the best Receipt against silence, I ever heard?

Lys. I do wonders; I have talk'd Fifty young women out of the green Sickness, and Fifty Old men into the Spleen; here's my hand Uncle, let her Live a little with me, and if ever you complain of her being Dumb, I'm no Doctor.

Sr. Pat. But will you Ensure me, that I shan't complain of my being deaf when you have done with her?

Lys. The way to provide against that, wou'd be to Marry her, for then she'd have one of her own to Exercise upon.

Dor. Now I think Madam Lucinda is too Tender, and too Delicate for the rough Conversation of a Husband, and that she has not a Constitution to undergo the Fatigue of being Fruitful—to marry her, wou'd certainly kill her.

Lys. Hum! Not a word of that, for fear she shou'd steal a Wedding; for in these Cases, let the danger be ever so great, a Woman's Resolution will struggle up to't.

Sr. Pat.

Sr. Pat. How Innocently the Maids of this Age, amuse themselves!

Dor. Mrs. Lyfette. talks very wildly Sir; but the properest way to cure Madam Lucinda's Melancholly would be to send her to a Nunnery.

Lys. Next to a dark Room, there's nothing like it; and a young Woman must needs prefer the wonderful Charms of Pennances and Water-gruel to the Roughness of a Man's Passion, and the Fatigue of being Fruitful,

Sr. Pat. Very well! You who have a head full of Fiddles and Intrigues, prescribe Dancing and a Husband; and you Nurse who have out-liv'd these things, advise me to a Nunnery. Both your Councils, are certainly very good, and I shall follow neither of em—but here comes one can Counsel me Indeed.

Enter Lucinda.

Poor Child, she do's not see me— Still Sighing! With down cast Eyes! Good Morning my *Lucinda*— always Sad and Melancholly, tell me the Cause of it, my pretty Dear! Discover your little heart to your little Papa, and tell him what disturbs it then! Shall I Kiss thee! Do'nt enrage me with this Humour—but tell me! *[She turns the Cause, and I promise to do any thing for you, and comply with your Inclination be it of what kind soever—I can say no more— Is there any new Fashion you have a mind to? No— any Lace or Ribbon? No. Any Lap-Dog, or Squirrel that you long for?— Have you a mind to a Husband?]*

Lys. Well Uncle, have you found out the Cause of her Grief?

Sr. Pat. No, she distracts me with her Obstinacy.

Lys. Let me take her to task a little, I'll engage I'll find out the Secret.

Sr. Pat. Impossible—and since she's resolv'd to be of that Humour, I'll ev'n leave her to't—an Impertinent— Whimsical— Head-strong Baggage.

[fretting.]
Lys.

Lyf. Look'e Cousin I know some Distempers are harder to own than to get, but when your Friend's your Physician, you may speak freely; and to come to the Business at once, is it not a Lover that I yes so hard upon your Mind? [*she looks up and Smiles.*] Enough! the Symtoms are

strong— why Hark'e Sir, —
Sr. Pat. Go ungrateful Child— Indulge your Obstina-
 cy and break your Father's Heart.

Luc. Sir, since you desire me to discover the Cause—

Sr. Pat. Yes! I'll get the better of my Tenderness for you

Lyf. Why her Melancholly proceeds.—

Sr. Pat. She has a mind to kill me.

Luc. Sir I am ready—

Sr. Pat. Is this the Recompence for all my Cares?

Lyf. But Sir—

Sr. Pat. In Bringing her up as I have done.

Lyf. The grief you'd so fain hear—

Sr. Pat. I'll not think of her more.

Lyf. 'Tis a Husband.

Sr. Pat. Ungrateful—

Lyf. A Husband!—

Sr. Pat. I detest her—

Lyf. A Husband!—

Sr. Pat. I'll Renounce her for my Daughter.

Lyf. 'Tis a Husband!

Sr. Pat. Not tell me what she Ails.

Lyf. A Husband!

Sr. Pat. Not tell me!

Lyf. A Husband! A Husband! A Husband! } *Exit Sr. Pat.*

an Old Sot, sure there's nothing so vexatious } *pushing out*

to a Woman as not to be heard. } *Doris.*

Luc. I was certainly in the wrong to hide, my grief from

my Father, you see I need only speak, and have any thing

I wish for.

Lyf.

Lys. A very strange old Fellow, and if he was my Father, I should take a great Pleasure or Plague in him, but why didn't you make me of your Council before?

Luc. I knew his Temper too well, to have any hopes of Succeeding, and it were better I had still conceal'd it.

Lys. Never Dispair'd. If you'll Joyn in't heartily, I'll answer for the Event; he is not the first wife, grave Person that has been out-witted by a young Girl! their Locks and Bars and Spies, three deep, only heighten the pleasure of breaking thro' 'em—— but who is the happy Man *Lucinda*? We must draw him into our Plot.

Luc. Dear *Lysette*, may I then hope?

Lys. For every thing! I'll serve you to the last Drop of Cunning; we have dull believing Man to work upon, and my Life for yours we Cheat him.

Enter Harry with a Letter.

Ha! *Clitander's* Man —— I congratulate You, Cousin.

Har. Madam, the Luckiest pretence to get by the Old Gentleman, that ever was. [to *Luc.*

Luc. Come, come, give me the Letter, I don't care how you got hither, now you are come. [opens it.

Har. Nor how I get back agen, I suppose. [aside.

Lys. Ha! How long has your Master given out Livery?

Har. About half an hour Madam.

Lys. Why it is not New.

Har. The Taylor was a Slovenly Rogue, and soil'd it a little in the Making, that's all.

Lys. It do's not fit you.

Har. I love my Cloaths tite.

Lys. You have Chang'd with my Servant.

Har. To amuse your Ladyship no longer, I did, I had waited all day for an opportunity, and knowing the haste of my Message, and seeing your Footman at the Door, I desir'd him to change Coats with me, and so I ventur'd through in the face of the Enemy.

Luc.

Luc. Lysette, Your advice immediately, look here, he tells me, if I'll submit, to pretend a Melancholly distraction incurable by all other Doctors, he'll make his Man Personate a Mountebank, and contrive to have him sent for to me in whose Retinue—

Lys. Ha, ha; I like the Plot, and will smooth the way to't by preparing the Old Gentleman—But *Harry*—How will you do to understand Physick?

Har. Lack a day, Madam, living with Beauxs all my Life, I cou'd not avoid seeing a great deal of Practice, and as a Lady's Woman makes an ordinary Manteau-maker, so an Ingenious Valet will make a tolerable Doctor!

Lys. Well then, bid him only be Ready, and take no care of the rest.

Har. Yes Madam.

She's a charming Wench, and if he is not Ready, he deserves to be hang'd without Benefit of Clergy. [*Aside and Exit.*]

Luc. My heart begins to fail me—shall I resist my Father?

Lys. Yes; When he resists Nature—are you to be a Gossling all your Life? An't you of Age to be marry'd; and do's he think you are made of Marble?

Luc. Well certainly, good advice is a great Consolation.

Lys. He won't suffer you to Marry till you are at Years of Discretion, that is, he won't let you Dance till no Body'll take you out—And then will he bring you some very Discreet Person, who never laugh'd in his Life, who will stand by you just like the Clock! And strike in as much Order, Ha, ha, ha! Old Fellows pretend to Model the Conduct of their Daughters—But here he comes, into the Closet, and I'll begin our Stratagem.

Luc. Thou art the best Friend that ever Woman had sure.

Lys. I'll Plague him if it be Possible. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Love's the Physician.

Enter Sir Patients.

Sr. Pat. 'Tis very necessary not to hear sometimes — I did wisely to prevent the discovery of a Passion that I was resolv'd not to satisfy — Is anything so unhappy as a Parent, to heap up Riches with great pains, and Breed a Child with Care and Tenderness, and have her at last throw all away upon a Man that we don't like! No! No! I'll take better Care of my Estate and my Child!

Enter Lysette.

Lyf. O Misfortune! O Disgrace! Poor Sir *Patients*, where shall I find you!

Sr. Pat. What's that she says?

Lyf. O miserable Father! What will you do when you hear this news?

Sr. Pat. Ha! What is it?

Lyf. My Poor Cousin.

Sr. Pat. I'm undone!

Lyf. Ah——

Sr. Pat. Lysette?

Lyf. What a Misfortune!

Sr. Pat. Lysette!

Lyf. Fatal Accident!

Sr. Pat. Cousin Lysette, pray

Lyf. Ah Sir!

Sr. Pat. What's the matter?

Lyf. Your Daughter——

Sr. Pat. Oh! Oh!

Lyf. O dear Sir! don't weep so

Sr. Pat. Why Needs.

8 *The QUACKS, Or,*

Lyf. If you do, you'll make me break my heart—— with
Laughing (aside.)

Sr. Pat. Tell me quickly.

Lyf. Your Daughter my poor Cousin——

Sr. Pat. Ay!
Lyf. Touch't with the harsh words you spoke to her,
and with your Rage against her, she ran suddenly to her
Chamber, and full of Despair open'd the window that looks
to the Thames——

Sr. Pat. Oh Miserable! Oh!——

Lyf. Then lifting up her Eyes, no said she, 'Tis impos-
sible for me to Live under the Resentment of my Father,
and since he has Renounc'd me for his Daughter—— saying
that, she——

Sr. Pat. Threw her self out Oh!——

Lyf. Shut the window softly, and flung her self down
upon the Bed.

Sr. Pat. Ha!

Lyf. And wept bitterly—— but all of a suddain, I observ'd
her Visage grew Pale, her Eyes look't Wild,
the string of her Tongue broke, and she talk'd as Mad as a
March-Hare—— I must go look after her. [Exit.

Sr. Pat. My poor Child! *Edward, Edward,* come here Im-
mediately—— my poor *Lucinda!*

Enter Edward.

Why *Edward!* hark'e go get me all the Doctors you can
light on, and bring 'em to my Daughter.

Ed. Sir I don't know any of 'em, but if you please to
Direct me.

Sr. Pat. Go to all the Coffee-houses hereabouts, and you'll
find half the College a plying.

Ed. How shall I know 'em Sir, do they all were Vel-
vet?

Sr.

Sr. Pat. No, No, you must ask for 'em let me see, there's the Hard-favour'd Fellow, that took his Degree at *Glasgow*, I can't think of his name.

Ed. He that brought the Cabbage from the west Indies, Sir, that was taller than the main Mast?

Sr. Pat. No, no, psh! you'll see him scanning Verses on his fingers, or laying Wagers upon the Scotch Gelding.

Ed. What Dr. Medly Sir?

Sr. Pat. The same! whisper him in the Ear, that he may have an opportunity, to make it pass for an Intreague, which he loves mightily now he's Old.

Ed. I will Sir!

Sr. Pat. Then there's the short gloomy look'd Doctor that never washes his Face.

Ed. He that refuses Fees very often, to get a Present of double the Value?

Sr. Pat. No, that's the other, you'll see him with a young Lord, a Jacobite Politition, and a very Jacose old Gentleman, a poring over a Medal of *Orho's*, and telling the Company with Tears in his Eyes, that his Maid for want of Literature had rub'd it bright, and destroy'd the finest Erugo that ever was seen.

Ed. He that's sent for when any Body's knock'd o' the Head, to know what Disease he dy'd of?—

Sr. Pat. No, no— Doctor *Tickle-pulse*, that's he— then you'll observe a Gentleman that talks so Loud, he drowns all the Swearing of the *Piquet* Players.

Ed. He Sir, that said he kill'd a Turnspit twenty times in a Morning, and brought him to Life again, well enough to turn the wheel for Dinner?

Sr. Pat. Ay, Ay, he—

Ed. I can't think of his name, and I don't know him Sir?

Sr. Pat. You'll see him interrupting a Collonel in the middle

middle of his Speech, to show him a Perewinkle shell or a Concha Vulvaria, and asks if ever he saw one so little?

Ed. He has a Farm in *Essex*, and takes all his Rent out in Shells and Butter-flies.

Sr. Pat. Right, right, he has found out their *partes Genitales*, and where they take in their Nourishment— *Dr. Trinket!* be careful you don't speak to him in haste, for if a Leg or a Wing of his Butterfly drops off, he'll be so long a replacing it, that I shall loose my Daughter?

Ed. I shall Sir.

Sr. Pat. Then *Edward* go to the Piazza, and you'll see a Coach driving round the Garden very slow, with a Gentleman in it that holds a Book very close to his Eyes— Doctor *Caudle*, bid his Coach-man bring him hither—and then call of the French Gascon Physician in *Sohoo!*

Ed. Doctor *Pauvre Hugonot De Refugee?* that has so much Money in the Bank?

Sr. Pat. The same!— go! (*Exit Ed.*)

What an Inundation of Doctors have I sent for! but 'tis the Fashion, no body Dyes without 'em; in Garrets and Sellers

*The Doctor stands, and Death can never kill
Before his Siyth be sharpen'd with a Pill.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

A C T II.

SCENE Doctor Medly's Lodgings.

Enter Doctor Medly, Novice and Rhubarb.

Med. I'LL do what I can, I'll do what I can.

Rhub. We must serve one another.

Med. We must Mr. *Rhubarb*—— his Lordship's a Dead Man, and can't Live till Morning; however I'll hedge in another Prescription—— *Doctor Worthy*, has not been there since; Has he?

Rhub. No, nor never shall, I'll Ingage! 'Twas time to drive him out of the Family—— Why his Bills were not two Inches broad; they look'd so like Writs, I was always affraid of being Arrested when they came—— an Apothecary wou'd have a fine time, if Physicians prescrib'd no more than what cou'd be taken.

Med. O! it is wrong,—— a Bill of Physick shou'd be like a Bill of Fare, so many Courses, whether he Tafts 'em or not.

Nov. We have the same Practise in *Oxford*, I've seen a Gentleman so fortify'd with Pills, Juleps, Bolusses, Prizans, Aposems, Cordials, Drops, Spirits and Emulsions, that in a Weeks time, no body cou'd get to the Bed-side.

Rhub. Ay! They are Men—— Doctor! Is this young Gentleman a Physician?

Med. And my Particular Friend.

Rhub. I Honour him—— Sir, under the Example of Doctor Medley, you need not fear making your Fortune in a short time.

Nov. I shall follow him in the choice of an Apothecary

Rhub. But Doctor, how will you proceed with the Dancing-Master's wife, I brought you to last night?

Med. You know my method—— Vomit, Bleed, Blister, and Bark.

Rhub. But is not this a Particular case?

Med. No matter; stick to a Method—— there's Inside and Outside Application, and the Devils in't if they both fail.

Rhub. (*Aside.*) To Kill her I believe—— but that's not my Business.—— And what must we do after?

Med. Oh! *Persistat in usu*—— with an Equipage of Apozems and Pearl Cordials—— have you Pearl by you?

Rhub. No Doctor! But Tobacco pipe powder is a good *Succedaneum*, and no body can distinguish it.

Nov. Why do you use *Succedaneums*?

Rhub. Always Sir, and in all cases.

Med. We wink at that—— for an Apothecary would Loose half his Patients, if he shou'd send back a Bill because he had not the Physick——

Enter a Nurse.

Nurse O! here's the Doctor! I shall please him with this news—— Dear Doctor Medley!

Med. Well good woman, how do's your master?

Nurse. A great deal better, Doctor, I ventur'd to give him some Watergruel, and he's fit to go out.

Med.

Med. You are an Idle Woman, and don't understand — what business have you to do any thing of your own head?

Rhub. Hark'e Doctor, if you don't take a course with this Damn'd Jade, I may shut up shop: — he'll be well before he has taken five Pounds worth of Physick.

Med. Let me alone, I have her on a hank — you must know there was a Merchant in the City, that gave me two Guineas a time Fee, whom I cou'd have kept at least a Fort-night Longer, and she unknown to me, gave him some Sage-Possie drink, and the man Recover'd in a day and half, but I threatn'd her with the College, for pretending to give Physick, and brought her upon her Knees — Hark'e Nurse.

Nurse. Doctor!

Med. Do you know what you do with this Water-gruel — remember your giving Physick — let me have Oat-meal Banish'd the house, or I'll secure you from Nursing any more Patients of mine — Water-gruel!

Nurse. Why Doctor, he's well, he's Rising!

Med. How's that! run Immdciately and bid him keep his Bed till I come, or he's a Dead-man: [*Exit Nurse.*]
I'll teach him to be well before I have done with him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, an ordinary Maid brought this, and stays for an Answer — Mr. *Freckle* the Stationer's below Sir.

Med. Bid him come up — but hold, take the answer to this with you.

Rhub. Then I Kils your hand, for *Freckle* and I, don't agree.

Med. Your Servant, Mr. *Rhubarb*, [*Exit Rhubarb.*]
Reads,

Dear

Dear Doctor,

I wou'd call on you, as you desir'd at Will's Coffee-House, only I have lost my Mask, pray send me Money for a new one, and a Ticket for the Musick for I hear none but Persons of Quality are to be there,

Yours Elizabeth Common.

Nov. You have a great many Patients Doctor, are there any new Diseases in Town?

Med. Yes, this Gentlewoman has one, and I have call'd it the self denial

Nov. A new Disease indeed, in a Woman.

Med. Hark'e, bid her tell her Lady, she must be sure to keep her Chamber, and Receive no Visits for its dangerous, and I'll call on her at four a Clock. *Exit Servant.*

Enter the Stationer.

Med. Ha, dear Freckle——

Fre. Servant, Doctor, Servant.

Med. What's the matter?

Fre. I don't know—— I can't tell— but if Persons must be treated so, and all that, only for serving Gentlemen and men o' Quality—— 'Tis very hard.

Med. What any Rupture in the Society?

Fre. Have not I incorporated you, made you an order of Poets, and manag'd the thing so gravely that out of this

*{ Walks about
wiping his
Face.*

Body

Body of Scriblers, have been chosen Heralds, Reformers of Manners, and deep Physicians!

Med. Who has had the Impudence to affront you?

Fre. Han't I brought you from Garrets to build Palaces? wou'd any of you been heard of, if it had not been for me—— did not I find you out the Secret to become Famous, by making you Praise one another against the Opinion of the whole Town! and brought the Club to that Reputation, that those who only listen in it, are Wits every where else, are not my Lord *Clack*, and Collonel *Silent*, reckon'd Wits only for being of it?

Med. But the Greif—— the Grief.

Fre. Here, Read this—— [*Gives him a Copy of Verses.*]
now I have made you Wits, you'd make me a Fool.

Med. Ha! some very good Lines.

Fre. Your Servant.

[*going in Anger.*]

Med. Dear *Freckle*.

Fre. Look'e Doctor, but one word—— if this Lampoon spreads, I'll Unpoet you all, and shew the World what Miserable Tools I work with— Yours. [*Exit.*]

Nov. You took a way to. shoot him hence.

Med. Why, you must know I was concern'd in the Lampoon, and cou'd not forbear commending it.

Enter Servant and Edward.

Sert. Sir, one from Sir *Patient Careful*.

Ed. Doctor, my Master desires you to come and see his Daughter.

Med. I come, Sir—

[*Exit Edward.*]

Hark'e *Tom*, run to Mr *Rhubarb*, and bid him make up my Method, for Sir *Patients* Daughter. [*Exit Servant.*]

Nov. Before you see her, Doctor?

Med.

Med. Ay, ay, to qualifie her Constitution for a course; and now my Dear Friend and Kinsman, since you are come to Practise in this Town, by what means do you propose to grow a Famous Physitian?

Nov. By Study and Observations in Physick.

Med. Ha! ha! ha! why do you think to be Employ'd as a Doctor, because you know Physick?— hark'e, can you talk of Horses, Polliticks, Whores, Building, and Poetry?

Nov. Not much.

Med. Then study e'm! go me to *New-market*, take your Degrees under the Protestant, and lay your Money upon Bay *Lusty*, and you'll make your Fortune, in three Months.

Nov. Strange Qualifications for a Doctor.

Med. Nothing else will do, Sir; I might have por'd my Eyes out over *Gal-n*, or *Hypocrates*, and never been heard of, if I had not fall'n into the acquaintance of Sir *Jocky Donefirst* and Sir *James* — I liv'd some Years in the same Mistake as you, wou'd have mounted a Garret for five Shillings, and people would trust nothing in my hands, but their Wives; but now I keep my Coach, and my Coach keeps me, a man must tack Politicks, if Physick won't work its way thro' the World; you must tack it to another quality and make it pass.

No. Is this Receipt Intallible?

Med. Try, and Judge, as a Brother Doctor says—— Five years ago I was sent for only to such Slovenly Diseases, as Gripes, Head-achs and Surfeits, — I never heard of the Refind disorders of the Spleen and Vapours, — Why all the Distempers, I Cure now, are only Imaginary, and the great Secret is to keep my Patients from Fancying themselves well.

Nov. There's some art in that.

Med. But the only Confusion to a Physician is to come when a Patients Dead: To prevent which, where there's the least Suspicion, I go on the other side of the way, and if the Window's open, I march off—— for 'tis a Constant

Pra

Practice, 'as soon as a Man's dead, they think he can't have too much Air—— and by this Rule I have Escap'd Twenty of those Shocks within this Fortnight.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Love-*verses* man is below, and says his Lordship is quite Recover'd,—— Mr. *Bolus* your other Apothecary gave him something last Night, that Cur'd Him.

Med. How's this! Cur'd him! a Rascal! I han't Patience! come along Cousin, I'll have this Rogue made an Example,——

[Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Patient, and Lysette.

Lyf. What will you do with all these Physicians? Is not one Enough to kill on Person?

Sr. Pat. Hold your peace—— 'Tis safer to have many Counsellors.

Lyf. And cannot your Daughter die without the help of these Gentlemen?

Sr. Pat. Is their Business to kill then?

Lyf. Without question! and if you wou'd speak properly you shou'd not say any body Dyes of a Peaver, or the Small Pox, but of four Doctors, and two Apothecarys.

Sr. Pat. Why Mistress, wou'd you have me trust my Daughter with a senceless Nurse, or a good Woman in the Neighbourhood, that Cures People with a Receipt she has had in the Family ever since *Cromwel's* Time, no, I'll be Inform'd by Learned Men.

Lyf. You'll be strangely Edify'd Uncle they'll tell you in Latin that your Daughters Sick.

D

Sr.

Sr. Pat. Hush here are the Doctors,

*Enter Doctor Caudle, Refugee, and
Ticklepulse.*

Well Gentlemen how do you find my Daughter?

Tick. Very bad, very bad.

Ref. Your Child be very much Sick.

Cau. Sick indeed! but let us Consult.

Lys. Doctor *Ticklepulse*, your Servant.

Tick. Madam, I am yours; Pray how do's your Lady-
ships Coachman?

Lys. Very well Doctor, he's Dead.

Tick. How Madam! Dead! impossible.

Lys. We were so Ignorant as to believe so Doctor, and
have Bury'd him.

Sr. Pat. Peace Impertinence — and pray Gentlemen,
to your Debates out of hand, and tho' it be not the Cu-
stome to Fee you first, yet to make every thing Easy.
And now Gentlemen, *[gives Fees.]*

We'll leave you.

Lys. Tho' I shan't understand their Latin, and their hard
words, I've a mind to over-hear these Wise Men.

[Exit Sr. Patient.]

Tick. Come Gentlemen shall we sit?

Cau. Pray Doctor.

Tick. No Ceremony, but to the matter in hand. *[Sit.]*

Enter Doctor Medley in a Heat.

Med. A Rogue, a Villain — was ever Man serv'd
Thus?

Om. Doctor yours, what's the matter?

Med.

Love's the Physician.

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Med. The matter Gentlemen, never was Physician us'd
so by a Rascally Apothecary—I had a Patient in my hands
three quarters of a Year, and this Slave, has Cur'd him in
two Days.

Tick. An impudent Rascal!

Med. Gentlemen, will you Credit me—to serve this
ungrateful Fellow, I have made Bills more like a Taylors,
than a Doctors—prescrib'd the Bark to every Body,
because he had bought a quantity of it, and made my Pa-
tients Dye with the Physick in their Mouths—nay, have
Prescrib'd after I knew they were dead—and to meet
with this return at last!

Lys. This is an Excellent Fellow—

Cap. These Apothecarys will Ruin us.

Med. But not to Interrupt you Gentlemen.

Enter Sir Patient.

Sr. Pat. Doctor Medley, I heard you were come,—
have you seen my Daughter?

Med. Yes, yes, I look'd in.

Sr. Pat. I then, here Doctor.

Med. Sir you oppress me,—

Sr. Pat. And Gentlemen, to your Consultation, I'll di-
sturb you no more. [Exit.]

[they Sit, after some Ceremony of Coughing]

Lys. Now for the grave Consultation.

Med. You wou'd not think Gentlemen, what a wonder-
ful Creature a Horse is.

Lys. How's that?

Med. I laid upon the Scotch Gelding this morning, he
Ran a four mile Course, in 8 Minutes.

Tick. Wonderful.

Cau. There's certainly in all Creatures, the same difference as amongst Men.

Med. As your Nobles, and Commoners and Slaves, I make account now, the Brutes that drag me, are on a Level with Tradesmen.

Tick. And my Pad Nag with an Esquire.

Lys. This indeed is Physick—I have enough. [*aside Exit.*

Ref. Morbleau! We Consult just so in France. [*aside.*

Cau. My Favourite Horse Codhead has Languish'd a great while with a strein in his Back.

Med. Ay, nothing will recover that Beast but the Cortex or a Steal course, I cur'd my Lord Wasby t'other day of the same Distemper.

Tick. Why really if it were not for distroying so usefull an Animal, we might make fine Experiments and improve as much as we do upon humane Bodies.

Ref. Me be against dat, for if de Physician turn de Far-ryer, Morbleau de Farryer will turn de Physician.

Cau. But to the Purpose—— what is your Opinion Gentlemen of Doctor Worthy's way of Practice? he always pre-scribs, and never will Consult as we do.

Om. Wrong Sir, wrong Sir.

Ref. The Formality, be the chief Business.

Med. Certainly—— and to break thro' that will destroy all Physick—— I never yield to it—— I was sent for t'other day with Four other Doctors to my Lady Swallow-drags, who was at the Last Extremity, and her Friends wou'd have had us order'd something Immediately, but Sacred to our Rule, I wou'd do Nothing before we Consulted, and the Patient Dy'd bravely in the mid't of our Dabate.

Cau. Which will serve for the Instruction of the Living, to send for Physicians in time.

Tick.

Tick. Right, right, a Dead Man, is but a Dead Man, but a Formality neglected is a Prejudice to the whole Body of Physicians.

Enter Sir Patient.

Sr. Pat. Gentlemen, my Daughter grows very bad, and I beg you to tell me what you have Resolv'd on.

Cau. Come Gentlemen.

Med. Sir, with Submission.

Ref. Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur Tickelpulse.

Tick. Doctor *Pauvre* Hugonot, I always am civil to Foreigners.

Sr. Pat. I beseech you Gentlemen, lay aside Ceremony, and consider the occasion.

Tick. } The Distemper.
Cau. }

Tick. Sir,

Cau. Pardon me.

Tick. Sir, we have been in earnest Consultation about your Daughter, and her Distemper is certainly the Vapours to a great degree, and if she do's not Bleed, she's a dead Woman.

Sr. Pat. Ha—— her Mother was troubl'd with Vapours.

Cau. Sir, her Distemper is the Stone—— and I have the only Nostrum in England that can help her, I have remov'd Stones from Women, as big as my two Fists.

Sr. Pat. Ha—— now I think on't, her Grand-Mother was troubl'd with the Gravel, and my Aunt Martha, had a Stone taken out that my Uncle wore in a Thumb Ring.

Cau.

Can. And if Care be'n't taken to remove it, she'll dye.
Ref. Jost the contrary, Sir, her Disease be de Green-sick-
 ness and de only Cure upon Earth be dis—take of
 Antimony—

Sr. Pat. The Green Sicknefs Doctor!

Med. Sir Patient, Hearn'e to deal Friendly with you,
 for in these Cases, a Man must tell his Mind, your Daugh-
 ters Distemper is [whispers.]

And if she don't take a dozen or two of my Vomits, she's
 an undone Woman.

Sr. Pat. How Doctor! why I have kept her under Lock
 and Key all her life.

Med. That may be; I can't say whose fault 'tis—she
 has it that's certain—'tis in her Blood—think—!

Sr. Pat. Had I let me see, there was a Baggage about,
 Sixteen years ago—but sure Doctor it can't be.

Ref. Sir, Believe me, your Daughter have de Green-
 Sickness, and if de proper Medicine be not apply, she
 be Lost.

Sr. Pat. Do you think so?

Can. I say Sir Patient 'tis the Stone—you know her
 Grand-Mother had it before her.

Sr. Pat. Very True.

Ref. And her Mother the Vapours, consider that.

Sr. Pat. I don't know what to say, nor what Resolution
 to take, divided 'twixt so jarring Opinions.

Enter *Sr. Pat.* Ha—now I think on't, her Grand-Mother
 was troubled with the Gravel, and my Aunt Martha
 had a Stone taken out that my Uncle wore in a Trump
 Ring.

Enter Lyette.

Lys. Hark'e Uncle, you see how these Gentlemen disagree, and that there is no certainty in their Councils, if you would have my Cousin Cur'd, there is a Mountebank in Town, that do's wonders; has a particular Method without Druggs or nasty Physick.

Sr. Pat. Ay ! this must be an Extraordinary Person.

Lyf. These Fellows are all Cheats, and Ignorant Quacks, their Consultation was only which Horse ran best at New-Market, and how they might at the same time, Preserve a patient from Dying, and growing well.

Sr. ~~Pat.~~ Rogues!

Lyf. Come along with me, and leave these fellows to abuse one another.

Sr. *Pat.* For this time you shall govern me—— Gen-
tlemen Yours, when you can agree among your selves,
I'll tend for you again. Exeunt *Lysette* and

Exeunt *Lysette* and
Sr. Patient.

Tic. Ha ! What fays he ? What fays he ?

Med Says he—— that if we make Rogues of one another, we shall never make Fools of other People—— Death Gentlemen, don't you know that we must Substist like other Confederates, by hanging together? If we don't look about us, The Apothecaries will strike in with the Town and Ruine all—— besides Gentlemen, you leave no Encouragement for People to be Sick.

Tick. Tis very true faith.

Med. You see what a Harvest is before us! So vast, that the dullest of us all grows Rich—— to what a Height might we carry the fear of Dying amongst Mankind if

we

we were wise! And how Malleable wou'd that one foible make People, had we the least Address —. Why Gentlemen, I have perswaded half a Dozen Ladies into a belief, that no Female can be in perfect Health on a *Friday*, and don't Question with a little Application to make the Ladies Sick days as well known as their Visiting ones. And lastly Gentlemen to Revenge our selves of these Rascally Apothecarys, that in time, will come to have the Killing of as many as our selves — Let us all strike in with the Dispensary, and make our Resentment pass for Charity, and Publick Spirit.

As Politicians Rival'd in Renown

Asham'd to see their Villanies out done

Turn suddain Patriots, a while from thence,

And serve their Country, in their own Defence.

The End of the Second Act.

That's the very true fact. You see what a Harvest is before us! So vast, that the bulle of us all grows Rich — to what a Height might we carry the fear of Dying amongst Mankind if the Town and Ruins all — besides Gentlemen, you don't look about us, The Apothecarys will strike in with like other Considerates, by hanging together? If we Death Gentlemen, don't you know that we must submit another, we shall never make Books of other People — that if we make Rogues of one — that if we make Rogues of one

That's the very true fact. You see what a Harvest is before us! So vast, that the bulle of us all grows Rich — to what a Height might we carry the fear of Dying amongst Mankind if the Town and Ruins all — besides Gentlemen, you don't look about us, The Apothecarys will strike in with like other Considerates, by hanging together? If we Death Gentlemen, don't you know that we must submit another, we shall never make Books of other People — that if we make Rogues of one — that if we make Rogues of one

ACT III.

A Mountebank Stage, &c.

Enter Clitander and Harry drest like Mountebanks.

Sir Patient and Lysette.

Lyf. There Sir, there's one, that cures all Distempers of the Body, and that other is the Doctor himself: the wonder of the World, for Distempers of the Mind, he's a seventh Son of a seventh Son, and Laughs at all your College Doctors.

Sr. Pat. He's very Young, *Lysette*, he has no Beard.

Lyf. Never mind that Sir, indeed if a Man's Wit lay in his Chin, you might measure Art by the Beard, and tell how many Inches shou'd Qualify a Man for business.

Sr. Pat. That's true, but he do's not look Solid enough.

Lyf. Your greatest Coxcombs have the most Formal out-sides, I am always ready to Laugh when I meet a Politick Countenance; for he that puts so much Wisdom into his Face has generally very little any where else—I'll tell him you want him.

Sr. Pat. Do so—there must be something in these people, they have so many Admirers,

The QUACKS, Or,

Moun. Gentlemen and Ladies, I have done for to Day, to morrow at this time, if I am not sent for to Court Expect me again.

The Crowd disperse and the two Doctors and their followers come forward.

Sr. Pat. Doctor I am inform'd of your wonderful Qualifications, and beg the favour of you to Visit my Daughter
[to *Clitander.*]

Clit. Sir, my Remedies are very different from other Physicians; they Vomit, Bleed, Blister and Physick, But I Cure by Words, Letters, Verses, Charms and Magick Rings.

Lys. Didn't I tell you Sir!

Sr. Pat. A very great Man this!

Clit. Let me feel your Pulse Sir — your Daughter is very bad.

Sr. Pat. My Daughter Sir?

Clit. Yes your Daughter Sir, by the Simpathy that is between the Parent and the Child, I find your Daughter is in a desperate Condition.

Sr. Pat. Come along Doctor, you shan't stay a Minute longer — my Child's Cured!

Clit. Sir —

Sr. Pat. Not a word more Doctor along. [Exit *Sr. Pat.*]

Lys. And if she be not Cur'd, your Medicines an't so good as I took 'em for.

Clit. My dear Ingeniour I owe so much to thee in this matter, that I'm resolv'd to Cure more of the Family than *Lucinda*.

Lys. Have a Care what you Promise, for in your way of Practice one Patient is enough for one Physician.

[Exit *Omnes.*]

Enter

Enter Lucinda and Doris.

Chairs and Table.

Luc. Good Doris, let me intreat thee to endure a little the pain of being silent.

Dor. 'Las Madam, you are Melancholly, and I must talk to you to divert you.

Luc. Divert me! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Dor. My Master charg'd me to Cure your Spleen.

Luc. He has found out the oddest Cure of it that ever was—— Doris how old are you!

Dor. She's Mad.

(aside.

Why do you ask Madam?

Luc. Because no Woman ever Cur'd the Spleen at Fifty Nurse.

Dor. If I don't please you, I'll call the Boy, and he shall Sing to you.

Luc. Any Voice but thine, good Screechowl!

[Exit Doris:

Enter Sir Patient Clunder, Lylette
and Attendants.

SONG.
E 2
on her and show a Kennedy that is not in the Dispensary
— come Uncle let's leave 'em together.
St. P. No, no, I'll stay.

SONG

(1)

To gentle Strephon tell your Grief,
 The Shepherd soon will give Relief;
 No herb Alas! Can ease the Pain,
 All your Sighs, and Tears are vain.

(2)

But did you Celia, did you know,
 The Balm that cures a Virgins woe;
 You'd to the Lovers Cares be kind
 And take a Doctor to your Mind.

*Enter Sir Patient, Clitander, Lysette,
 and Attendants.*

Lyf. Here's your Patient Doctor, now try your skill up-
 on her, and show a Remedy that is not in the Dispensary
 — come Uncle let's leave 'em together.

Sr. Pat. No, no, I'll stay.

Lyf.

Lys. Indeed you shan't Uncle, why he has Questions to put to her that are not proper for you to hear— a Physician, may be as free with a Woman as her Midwife, and we often converse with him as a Doctor, without considering he's a Man.

Sr. Pat. That's a ticklish point Confin, and for the Security of our Wives and Daughters, If my Advice might be taken, I'd have none Practice Physick, but those that were Qualify'd for Queristers.

Lys. Then you might keep 'em for your own use.

Sr. Pat. and *Lysette retire.*

Cl. How lucky has been our Stratagem! You see Madam, these moments are not to be Lost, do you but favour the deceit and I am Happy—

Luc. Alas! what farther Happiness can you hope, but this of being near me.

Cl. To be for ever near you.

Luc. How's that Possible?

Cl. If I can Conjure up a Priest and Notary, and make your Father himself, as much as he's against it, present you to me in Marriage, what would you say?

Luc. Yes! yes! yes! yes!

Cl. There's Eloquence enough in that Word to move a Hermit!—

Sr. Pat. Ha! methinks they'r very close. (to *Lysette*

Lys. Oh that is to observe her Physiognomy and the Lines of her Face— in some cases he must be Closer yet, before he do's any good.

Sr. Pat. Is't Possible?

Luc. The Pleasure rises with the Hope, but I'm afraid I shan't be able to keep my Countenance, and if my Father shou'd see thro' it, all's undone again.

Cl. Don't think of the Devil, and he won't appear.

Sr. Pat.

Sr. Pat. In the Smiles, I must go to 'em, well Doctor, I perceive your Patient is alter'd.

Cli. You must observe, Sir, that the Spirit has a mighty Power over the Flesh, and my way is always to Cure the mind before I tamper with the Body, in order to which I Examine the Lines of the Visage, and Hands, and by the Art I have acquired, I find that your Daughters Disease is in her Mind, and that the Disorder of it proceeds from a wild Imagination, and a deprav'd desire of being Married.

Sr. Pat. A Strange Man this.

Cli. This sort of Madness is very rare, for Marriage it self sends many to Bedlam; and I don't wonder at it, I have had from my Childhood a constant Aversion to it.

Sr. Pat. A great Physician!

Cli. But now Sir, the only way of Cure, is to Flatter the Imagination of the Patient, to strike in with the Disease, and make it accessary to its own Cure.

Lys. As you know Uncle, the surest way to make you hate a thing, is to give you a Surfeit of it.

Cli. I find Sir, that she is reduc'd to an Extremity, and there will be Danger if she be not suddainly help'd — I just touch'd upon her Folly, and told her I came to demand her of her Father in Marriage, when of a sudden her Visage chang'd, her Cheeks bloom'd! her Eyes sparkle'd! and if you'd but suppose that Error for a few hours, you'll see her perfectly restor'd.

Sr. Pat. Strange — I observ'd it!

Cli. And after that we may apply other Remedies that will confirm her mind, and quite remove that wild Imagination.

Sr. Pat. Right, right the best thing in the World let's apply it Immediately — well Child, here is a Gentle-

man

Love's the Physician.

man that wou'd Marry you, and I have given him my
Consent.

Luc. How Sir, is't Possible?

Sr. Pat. Ay my Dear, I agree to it,

Luc. But do you indeed?

Sr. Pat. Yes, yes, my dear *Lucinda*.

Luc. And you Sir, are willing to be my Husband?

Cl. Yes Madam, Proud of it.

Luc. And my dear Father Consent to it?

Sr. Pat. I do! I do! my Dear Child.

Luc. How happy am I if this be Real?

Sr. Pat. Ha! ha! poor Fool?

Cl. Doubt it not Madam, I have been long your Ador-
rer, and Dye with desire to become your Husband, I came
hither for that end, and if you wou'd have me speak
ingenuously, this Habit is but a Disguise, and I made my
self a Doctor for an opportunity to approach you, and to
Crown my Wishes.

Sr. Pat. He Acts it rarely!

Luc. You give me tender instances of your Esteem, and
I'm as sensible as I can be of so Generous a Passion.

Lys. Do you mind her?

Sr. Pat. I do! I do! a Pleasant way of Cure! He makes
a Fool of her to bring her to her Wits!

Lys. A common thing! we see Men fool'd out of their
Estates at Play, who come to their Senses by that time
they're undone, but it vexes me to see a Poor Woman
deceav'd Uncle.

Sr. Pat. Mum! you Rogue.

Luc. But shall he really be my Husband Father?

Sr. Pat. Here, here, [takes her Hand.] give yours.
Sir a little—only to make believe. [apart to *Cl.*

Cl. But—

Sr. Pat.

Sr. Pat. Nay — only to Sooth her Madnefs —
Here Receive her — to now it's done — it's
done! [Stiffing a Laugh.

Cl. Take then as a Pledge of my Faith this Ring.

Luc. Alas Sir, this wont do, we must have the Priest
to Joyn us and the Notary to Draw the Writings of what
my Father gives with me, or all's nothing.

Sr. Pat. What shall we do now Doctor? all's spoil'd
again.

Cl. Let me see Sir — I find her Brain is extreemly
turn'd, and that she do's not distinguish Persons, I'll pos-
sess her that one of my Servants is a Priest, and my Mery-
Andrew a Notary.

Sr. Pat. Excellent! Ha, ha, ha! — I shall Dye with the
Conceit, and spoil the Ceremony. —

Cl. I never saw this sort of Madnefs, in such a degree
before?

Sr. Pat. Hark'e Doctor, you must know here was a Fel-
low that had a mind to be Nibbling at her, without my
Consent, one Clitander.

Cl. A Rogue!

Sr. Pat. An Extravagant Dog, who's Plot upon her
knock'd o'the Head in the Nick of time.

Cl. You were Certainly in the Right Sir, and no body
ought to have your Daughter, without advising with you
about her.

Sr. Pat. No, no, but let us dispatch — Come Lucinda,
the Doct — I wou'd say your Lover here has taken
Care to bring those two Gentlemen with him — Let's
in and I'll settle the whole affair to your Satisfaction my
Dear.

Luc. I'm overjoy'd Sir.

Sr. Pat. Poor Soul, ha! ha! I can't bear the Jest.

— Lyfette.

Love's the Physician.

33

Lys. This Delusion Succeeds very well upon her, but how will you do to imitate Consummation? A Woman must be very Mad Uncle, who is to be Deceiv'd in that.

Sr. Pat. Pish, you'r a Fool, a Husband's a Husband.

Lys. Yes, yes, and a Woman's a Woman Uncle, and you must not depend upon the loss of all her Senses!

Cl. To make it as like a Marriage as possible, we won't fail in the Celebration, I have always Singers and Dancers in my Retinue, on purpose to Amuse the disorders of the Mind, and they shall Entertain her till she forgets that part of the Ceremony.

Sr. Pat. Nothing so Lucky ——— Let 'em Prepare then ——— do you hear within ——— Let the Dancers make Ready ——— Ha! ha! this is the Pleasantest way of Cure that ever was ——— along ———
[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Entertainment of Singing and Dancing.

Re-Enter Sir Patient and Lysette follow'd by Clitander and Lucinda, who kneel down about the middle of the Stage, and while they are in that Posture; A Servant brings Clitander's Wigg which he puts on.

Sr. Pat. Now all's done, Ha! ha! ha! Poor Fool, she's Satisfy'd.

Lys. What a wicked Man are you to Cheat her So ——— but what way will you devise to amuse her at Night Uncle?

Sr. Pat.

Sr. Pat. Ha! ha! ha! tell her 'tis the Fashion to have separate Beds, and then, *[turns and sees 'em kneeling]*
 Ha! Bless me, what's here! Where's the Doctor?

Cl. You'll find him in your Son in Law.

Luc. Your Pardon, and your Blessing Sir. *(they rise)*

Sr. Pat. Why Cousin—

Lys. I told you Uncle, he'd bring her to her Senses.

Sr. Pat. Ha! and I tell you I'll Reduce her to her Madness again! — for this Imaginary Marriage, will signify little, that's one Comfort — thou shallow Blotting Cover! Ha! ha! ha! Wife Clitander! To think that an Idle Footman's Reading the Ceremony wou'd be sufficient to make a Marriage: Ha! ha! ha!

Cl. 'Twas not Sir, to Dishonour the Church, that I put a Priest into a Livery, but — *[turns towards Lysette]*
[strips the Footman.]

Sr. Pat. Father Nicholas! Is it real then, and am I cheated?

Cl. And I hope the Gravity of the City will not be injur'd by making a Jackpudding of a Notary Publick: See Sir, your substantial Friend Mr. Stockjob!

Lys. I told you Uncle this Doctor wou'd do wonders!

Sr. Pat. He has made all Safe! And 'tis in vain to vex — Hark'e Sir, since you've had the Assurance to Marry my Daughter. —

Cl. With your Consent Sir, I wou'd not do any thing without your approbation.

Sr. Pat. Here's a Rogue! — that your Punishment may have an Affinity with your Crime, and my Satisfaction be exemplary, never see my face more — till you make me a — Grandfather.

Luc. My Dearest Father! —

Lys. Ha! ha! ha! Right Uncle, why that's the finishing stroke, the only way to settle her mind, she'd a Relaps'd without it.

Cl.

Love's the Physician.

Cl. I shall Endeavour Sir, to Diserve your good O-
pinion.——

Sr. Pat. Very well! and I'll answer for my Daugh-
ter as mad as she is—— and now the Adventure is o-
ver—— to Fathers, Brothers, Husbands, and all that
pretend to Govern Women.

*This Comfort from the Moral is Convey'd;
In what they like we're sure to be Obey'd*

Epilogue

I see's the Physician.
 Oh I shall Endeavour Sir, to Disserve your Good O-
 pinion.
 St. Pat. Very well! and I'll answer for my Daugh-
 ter as much as she is — and now the Adventure is o-
 ver — to Fathers, Brothers, Husbands, and all that
 pretend to Govern Women.



This Comfort from the Moral is Convey'd;
 In what they like we're sure to be Obey'd.

Epilogue

Epilogue

Forbid to be Spoke.

How easily a Woman's Ails are Brib'd,
When Physick by her Lover is prescrib'd?
Under his Care they never Languish long,
Dumb as she was, she quickly found a Tongue!
No Doctor with that Skill can touch their Grief,
Or has a Drugg that gives so soon Relief.
Often like them, he adds to their Disease,
But then his Physick never fails to please.
He kills his Patients too, but such a way
Had they nine Lives they'd loose 'em in a Day!
All know his Virtues, ev'n the Maid immur'd:
Who has her Vapours only to be Cur'd.
When a gruff Spouse pretends to Domineer,
His Arms are open to Relieve the Fair.
The Widows and the Orphans joys recall,
For Love's the great Physician for them all.

Epilogue.

Epilogue

Forbid to be Spoke

How often Physick by her Love is profited,
O how often a Woman's skill can heal.

Under his Cure they never languish long,
Dumb as he was, she quickly found a Tongue,
No Doctor with that Skill can touch their Grief,
Or that a Drugg that gives so soon Relief,
Open like this, be able to their Disease.

But when the Physick never will be good,
He kills his Patients not but just a word,
Had they nine Lives they'd lose 'em in a Day,
All know his Virtue, even the Maid in May,
Who has her Vapours only to be Cured.

When a gross Scurfie pretends to Dominie,
His Arms are open to Helene the Fair,
The Widows and the Orphans joy recall,

For Love's the great Physician for them all.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

Spoke by Mr. M I L L S.

PRactise of Physick was the Theme to night,
On which you might expect when Surgeons Write;
That the Poetick Fury was mere Spite.
And thus Inspir'd (for Malice goes for Wit.
With an Incisive Pen our Author writ,
But that new Tool not having at Command,
The Surgeons Satyr shows his tender Hand.
In which he owns throughout the Quack is seen,
So well his Phlegm corrects his rising Spleen.
But you're his Patients, this Dramatick Pill
You'll find now taken neither Good nor Ill.
If it shou'd Gripe a little, 'twill be o're,
The less you think of it, may Please the more.
Encourage him in this his first Essay,
And be his real Patients for to day.
But if to Damn his work you take the Whim,
'Tis you that are the Quacks and Murder him.

Epilogus.

Spoke by Mr. W. I. L. S.

On which you might expect when Surgeons Write;
 Battle of Piquet was the Theme to night.

The first British found was more than 2000.

And also subject for Mr. W.

With an Indian Pen our Author writes

But that was not having a Command.

The Virginian says there is nothing there.

It is which he owns throughout the book is (see)

So wird die Pflanze cultivirt bis sie 2

But how do we find the pattern of the pattern?

Don't find now taken notice of Don't

It is thought that a little more of the same

The life you think of it, may please the more.

Encourage him in this his life

And be his real Patients for to day.

That if to Down his work you take the 17th

It is not that we the Quakers and Abolitionists